

The Saturday News

VOL. VII, No. 22.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1912.

PRICE 5 CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

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Party considerations, however, did not play the chief part in the result. In this portion of the Dominion, people do not live and die Grits and Tories as they do in some of the older provinces. What they are interested in is seeing the city and the country in which they have their homes develop and anyone who has anything to offer them which gives reasonable assurance of advancing this object can count on their support.

Mr. Cross had stood as no other man in public life had for railway building into the northland, the matter of first necessity from an Edmonton, and we believe also from an Alberta, standpoint. The Saturday News always had confidence in the means which he adopted to bring this about. But whether one shared this or not, it was impossible, at this date, not to agree that the ideas which inspired his policy were the correct ones. Having become a member of a government which had adopted a far-reaching building programme, the people of the city that he had represented since the establishment of the province were naturally expected to share of his course in no uncertain way. Mr. Cross would have been quite out of keeping with the spirit.

Personal considerations did undoubtedly enter into the contest and but for these the result might have been much larger. But they were very minor, entering the actual result and they did not enter into another election, as they did into this one.

There is a great deal of talk about the future made. This is by no means unusual after an election. But when definite charges are submitted, it is not that will be time enough to discuss them.

Mr. Boyle's and Mr. Stewart's return to the Liberal ranks was looked for, while in the contest, but it was expected that Clarendon would be so close to one would have been at all surprised if he had carried Cardston. In the former there was a possibility that Mr. Mackenzie may yet be a candidate, though the latter is evidently safe for the candidate, Mr. Woolf, by about a hundred votes.

All told, the government may be said to have entered the contest with the prestige which it lost in the election. The spirit pervading the ranks of its supporters is one of definite policy of progress, it can count on a pathy if it makes a determined attempt to do so as forecasted.

There is little likelihood that the Liberal government will be dissolved before two more sessions have passed. The issue of the general election will depend on the speed with which it pushes ahead its programme. It has been given a chance to do so on this and it is certain that the people will be strictly accountable.

The name of Hon. W. J. Hanna, provincial secretary of Ontario, has been mentioned as the likely successor to Judge Mabee as chairman of the Railway Commission and the Toronto World goes so far as to say that he has the refusal of the post.

It is too much to expect that anyone but a Conservative would be selected and it is doubtful if anywhere a better man could be found. Mr. Hanna has an enviable record for himself as an administrator in Ontario and the fact that it has helped him along so materially in his career should encourage others to make their qualifications for advancement the rendering of genuine public service.

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How difficult it is to accomplish results in this connection, we get some idea of from an address which Dr. C. K. Clarke, superintendent of the General Hospital in Toronto, gave at the annual meeting of the Canadian Hospital Association the other day.

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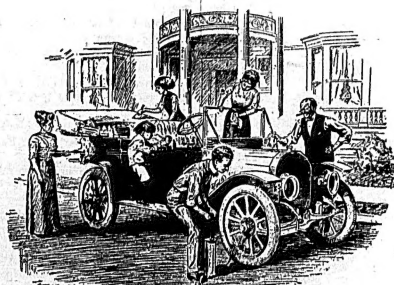
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"For \$20 a month," said he, "the right kind of men can't be got. They are transients. The salaries are not at all commensurate with the service given. Now that I

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This New Auto.

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SUB DIVISION



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In contrasting the state of affairs that existed prior to the regime of the present provincial secretary, Dr. Clarke paid a tribute to Hon. Mr. Hanna.

"I am fully convinced," said he, "that Mr. Hanna sees further than his nose, and that he has in view the placing of all these institutions on a high plane."

A broad-minded commission, unhampered by political influence, was what Dr. Clarke recommended for the administration of provincial institutions.

Anyone who has had anything to do with public affairs knows what an obstacle to progress the demands of the party workers are. Hon. George E. Foster speaking at Fredericton, N.B., last week complained that the importunities of office-seekers took up so much of the time of the Cabinet Ministers and private members that they were unable to give the public's business the attention that it deserved.

The biggest need in this country is an unobtrusively genuine reform of the civil service and the placing of it on

the permanent basis, where merit alone counts, such as has been attained to in Britain.

Only by adopting this can we have efficient administration and as the feelings of Mr. Foster are shared by leaders of all parties, there should not be much difficulty in their getting together and bringing this about by mutual agreement.

We have a great deal to learn from the politics of the Old Land. On the whole public life is on a much higher plane there. But there are some features that we are fortunately spared. For instance what aspiring politician in Canada could survive such a notice as the following from a recent number of the London Tatler:

"Politics as a means of killing time—and incidentally earning another £400 pin money—is increasingly adopted as a vocation for the society young men, and two of the last to put up as prospective Unionist candidates are Lord Hugh Grosvenor and Mr. Jasper Ridley for Woolwich and Macclesfield respectively. Lord Hugh Grosvenor is one of the many sons of the late Duke of Westminster, and he married of course into a strictly Tory family when he espoused Lady Mabel Crichton, a daughter of Lord Ernie."

"The Hon. Jasper Ridley is of course brother and second heir to that most tariff-reforming of peers, Lord Ridley. A nice-looking and very popular young man, he came very much in the public eye about a year ago when he married with due pomp and circumstance Countess Natalie Benckendorff, the only daughter of the Russian ambassador. Mrs. Ridley has all the charm for which her countrywomen are famous, and if it is ladies whose bright eyes win the votes in Woolwich—well, I'm sorry for the other man, that's all."

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Roosevelt's methods have been most objectionable. But they do not throw any worse a light on him than do Taft's revelations of weakness. The publication of the confidential letter on reciprocity was an amazing indiscretion, which apparently served no purpose.

As was to be expected it has been made extensive use of in Canada by those who opposed reciprocity last September as a justification of their position and will probably prevent the taking up of the idea in this country again. But it must not be forgotten that the United States has the power at any time to bring about the conditions, which Mr. Taft declared would make Canada an adjunct of that country. All that it has to do is to lower its own tariff independently of what Canada is prepared to do.

The only remedy that we would have would be to impose export duties to prevent our farmers from selling their goods across the line, and no politician in his senses has ever dared, or would ever dare, to suggest this.

As for the Democratic candidate, hope has been kindled during the past week that the choice will be Woodrow Wilson. He has swept Minnesota and is a good second choice to Harrison in Ohio. The fact that he is the second choice in so many states, whose first has little chance of securing the nomination, as in the most of the south, where the delegates have been entrusted to vote Wilson after they see that they cannot bring about the selection of Underwood, is of great importance.

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Personal considerations did undoubtedly enter into the contest and but for these the majority would have been much larger. But they were very far from influencing the actual result and they are no likely to enter into another election, as they did into that just over.

There is a great deal of talk about a protest being made. This is by no means unusual after a warm fight. But when definite charges are submitted and investigated that will be time enough to discuss them.

Mr. Boyle's and Mr. Stewart's return by large majorities was looked for, while in the south it was not expected that Clarendon would be so close, though no one would have been at all surprised if the Opposition had carried Cardston. In the former there appears to be a possibility that Mr. Mackenzie may yet be counted out, though the latter is evidently safe for the government candidate, Mr. Woolf, by about a hundred majority.

All told, the government may be said to have recovered the prestige which it lost in October. A better spirit pervades the ranks of its supporters and with a definite policy of progress, it can count on public sympathy if it makes a determined attempt to carry this out as forecasted.

There is little likelihood that the Legislature will be dissolved before two more sessions have been held and the issue of the general election will depend wholly upon the speed with which it pushes ahead its railway building programme. It has been given a chance to make good on this and it is certain that the people will hold it strictly accountable.

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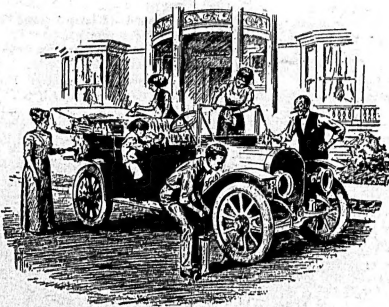
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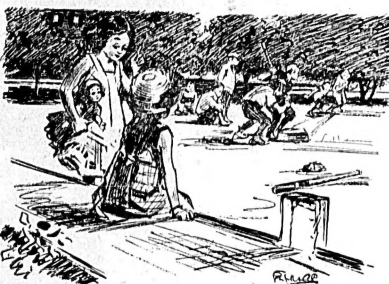
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—Harper's Weekly.



Old Time Wheelman: "Lazy brute!"

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The interview with Mr. R. W. Brock of the Geological Survey, that is published in another part of this issue draws attention very forcibly to the danger that exists at Frank in the Crow's Nest Pass and in the face of warning given, the people of the town should move quickly. If they do not do so of their own accord, the government should take steps to force them to.

It is certainly a great hardship for them, and the authorities were much to blame in 1903 for allowing the rebuilding of the town within the danger zone. But there is no use going over the past now.

Mr. Brock goes so far as to intimate that the landslide might be of such large proportions as to close the Pass completely. This would be a very serious matter for all the interests that lie beyond.

Mr. D. M. McMillan, assessor of the City of Edmonton for six years past, did not occupy a vocation which, as a rule, makes a man a popular figure, but it has fallen to the lot of few to have the news of their death received with more general expressions of sincere regret. It came with terrific suddenness as he was about to take up the duties of the day at his office in the city hall on Tuesday morning.

Mr. McMillan was not what could be called a smooth-spoken man. He had his opinions on all kinds of topics and he was in the habit of expressing them with force. There was much of the fighting blood of his sires in his veins. But no one could have any dealings with him without realizing how much real kindness there was behind his outward gruffness and how absolutely his honesty and desire to deal fairly could be relied upon.

His work as assessor under the system of taxation in vogue in Edmonton was of first-rate importance and the services which he rendered in connection with it have been for a long while universally recognized by his fellow-citizens.

With Ohio and New Jersey gone against him, no hope is held out for the re-nomination of President Taft. But this does not say that Roosevelt will be the choice at Chicago. He has nothing like enough votes pledged in his support as yet and the antagonisms that he has aroused are such that there will be little disposition to yield in his favor. Some man who, like Justice Hughes, has not been mixed up in the recent turmoil looks like the logical selection if the G.O.P. is to have a look-in when November comes around.

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HUGH MCKENNA, Esq.

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Is one of the most cruel maladies to which mankind is subject, the many complications arising from time to time making life seem almost unbearable. For many diseases, medical, scientific and physiological knowledge and experience, gained from years of deep research, has achieved remarkable results, but up to now, little has been discovered of practical value in the treatment and cure of diabetes. In fact, people have begun to look upon the disease as well nigh incurable. Even in the medical profession can be found doctors who are of the same opinion regarding sceptically any claim to ameliorate or improve the conditions of a diabetic patient. It can, however, be proved that SAN OLIV'S ANTI-DIABETES, THE NEW GERMAN DISCOVERY, tastefully cures all cases of Diabetes.

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THE SEEKERS (By Victor Starbuck)

One asked a sign from God; and day by day
The sun arose in pearl, in scarlet set,
Each night the stars appeared in bright array,
Each morn the thirsting grass with dew was wet,
The corn failed not its harvest, nor the vine,
And yet he saw no sign.

One longed to hear a prophet; and he strayed
Through crowded streets, and by the open sea
He saw men send their ships for distant trade,
And build for generations yet to be.
He saw the farmer sow his acres wide,
But went unsatisfied.

And a sight of heaven; and erewhile
Saw a workman at his noontime rest.
He saw one dare for honor, and the smile
Of one who held a babe upon her breast;
At dusk two lovers walking hand in hand,
But did not understand.

I wonder why people so seldom write stories about their next-door neighbors!

Wonder why the very name South Africa, breathes romance, and Canada and this West to us who make our bread and butter in it, appears so mundane, so made up of striving, and getting and spending and—just people. Must be some of them interesting. Must be some of them heroes and heroines, and men and women of destiny.

But this "brushing shoulders" business has a rare trick of robbing a body of his or her "romance," and discouraging the onlooker from taking his pen in hand to set down the deeds of daring-do, which they perform. I think Time only makes stories out of things past; of situations and people seen in perspective, or of impossible characters and outrageously unlikely places and stage settings, because so few of those I read, seem to have the very slightest connection with my workday world.

In South Africa there are deliciously beautiful gardens. In England, you can place your hero or heroine in some fascinating old house, where Heaven knows anything could very credibly happen from ghosts who walk to unhappily married young couples, who run across their "real" affinities in "the rose walk," the poppy field, or along some quaint country road, made for such meetings. How on earth can one be romantic in Edmonton?

Does Jasper avenue lend itself to anything but real estate signs, and paper-parcel-carrying men, and chugging motors, and dark practical people who "Good Morning" you, and ask "what you doing this afternoon?" Have a cup of tea with me at the Blue Moon—or

"Do you know how lots are going in Belvedere or Grand View Heights or Mount Pleasant or any of a hundred other subdivisions. Can you tell me what's the earthly use of trying to look romantic under that plain brand of talk?"

Can you inform me if it's any use a man's trying to don a Stetson, or essay a pair of chaps these days, when people would only laugh at him for a silly young Tenderfoot; Or for a girl to look dreamy over the intoxication of a smart "tea?"

I put it to you as it appears to me. This fresh varnish of ours is horribly depressing.

This eternal hammering from newly-made houses, each practically the mate of its fellow, is killing Romance. This Jack is as good as his Master, is taking all of the wind from out our literary sails.

Over there, and there, and there, live adventure, and love-idylls, and kings who do delightfully risqué things, girls "who are different," and men who set the world, or their little immediate neighborhoods, on fire. If I could only go to some of these places I often think, I too, could be an author, or become an "interesting person," or wear my hair in some freak fashion and pass for a genius, talk with a faraway look and pique some millionaire's fancy—the possibilities are endless—but if I tried it on in Edmonton, you would laugh at me. You are so dull and prosaic, and just John Brownish and Annie Lewishish.

If I put you in a tale you would just be yourselves. How could I make you, Lulu, "a gleam in a garden." How could I twist you, Charlie Webster, into being anything but what you are, a staid old duck, self-satisfied and deadly dull?

Oh you are too disappointing—Something of this I said to The Poet one day we went walking. My Poet is past middle-age. Has arrived, indeed, at that stage where I can "darling" him, and complain to him, and weary him with my restless ambitions, hopes, aims and aspirations.

"If things were only different; I know I could accomplish a great deal," I told him.
"Here, I am handicapped. Always I am allured by some distant prospect, always.
"I feel so lonesome, just becaz I keep on a th. king, it couldn't wuz."

"If you are a Big Goose," said The Poet because the great beaks are just life. The life that thro. so on all about us. That is made up of Mrs. Jones putting her washing on the line, and Mrs. Timmins being cross, and insulting her husband. John Browns are the heroes of really-truly books, not Lancelots and Liones. Becky Short makes romance as she peels the apples for the pies, not Helene, smothered in airs, and chiffons.

"Dear, cross old Peggy," said the man with the poet's soul, and the practical outlook, "open your eyes. There is no 'over there,' no land where dreams come true, and silver gray-boats hand themselves round with the turkey-ladies, and diamonds fall for instance-like on painted ladies' shoulders.

"I am growing old—at least I have been chasing that 'over there' longer than you.
"It isn't, dear child. If it was, you wouldn't want it when you came up with it."

People are just people—everywhere. The Island of Dreams is as close to Edmonton as it is to Timbuctoo. "Some Day" never comes.

When one lays down the pen or the plough or one's work, whatever it is, the end is very near. Folded hands—and oblivion.

There is nothing worth while in the world but work and children. "I think you are very stupid today, dear Poet," said I. "I like you best when you rhapsodize about 'bronzed cheeks' and 'lily-white hands' and all the other isn'ts. Then you are like a poet. Now you are just cynical like a plain little me."

But going home I met eager children of the poor, playing in grassy streets not yet encumbered by sidewalks. I saw a woman who always airs my ribisibilities.

I sat and watched a cricket match played by Mother England's sons. The very kind of men, I suppose, who figure in those delightful English novels. As I came in my gate, I heard an altercation that might have done duty in any humorous story.

Oh I suppose neighbors are heroes sometimes. I suppose there really aren't any of these pre-determined creatures alive anywhere.

If I looked over my fence I daresay with "seeing eyes" I too could write a book.

Down on Jasper avenue there must be some man with a "look of fate." Some girl who is different.

But I am cross and discontented, and so taken up with whether we shall have tapioca or custard for dessert, and watching if a dear lad of mine washes his face three times a day, and the girl closes the screen door to keep out the flies, and the butcher boy wipes the mud off his feet—and oh, you know.

Why aren't you neighbors different. Why aren't you "gleams"? Why don't you "fade away into the moonlight," instead of walking with a hump? Can't you believe me, I'm dying to write a Romance. Do, do something.

Of course you "did" the Races, May 23, 24 and 25. I did, although it was a scramble, the quick-footed gee-gees, and the uncertainty of the beasts, and the fun of rushing out, and picking—I had almost said "winners," though I meant "losers," amply repaying any extra work I had to crowd in, to give three whole afternoons to the same form of distraction.

I love races. I love any test of skill, or daring, or strength, or endurance. Anything that makes the eye kindle, and the heart beat quicker time.

Anything that gets me out of a rut.

And to sit in the big stand and watch the crowds cheering to see the ponies gallop by, and the fine stretch of well-groomed grounds, and the buildings in their fresh summer paint, with new ones springing up every summer, why that was all the enjoyment anyone could desire.

Thanks to Mr. Starke, the new Manager, and Secretary of the Exhibition Association, the opportunity only awaited my taking advantage of it.

On each, and every day, I had tickets galore to "do" the sights, also an opportunity to observe what an indefatigable, and very capable new officer the Exhibition Association have blessed themselves with.

Mr. Starke knows the Exhibition game from A to Z. Under his direction I feel sure that Edmonton will hold its own with any Provincial or Dominion show.

I notice this year the very much better accommodation provided in bringing the crowds to and from the grounds. By this I mean no reflection on past management. Things move. Mr. Starke is among them. Again more well-known people are patronizing the attractions at the park. This year, noticeably on the King's Birthday, the huge stand was packed with the smart people of the Capital. All the time we are getting more and better, entries in the various events. More people are congregating here to patronize what entertainments are provided.

I believe we have the makings of the biggest kind of an advertising agency in the Exhibition Association, and all the help the City and Province and Citizens can give it, will be money back in our own pockets.

Peggy
"Did he succeed in getting on the stage?"
"Yes. He is going to play the part of a walking gentleman."
"Well, he can walk all right, so he'll merely have to learn the other part."

Paterfamilias: "I fancy that young man is making great progress."

Paterfamilias: "What makes you think so?"

Paterfamilias: "He wanted to offer me a cigar last night when I was going away, but found that all those in his vest pocket were broken."

The Saturday News

An Alberta Weekly Review
Published by
Saturday News, Limited.
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Edmonton \$2.00 per year.
Outside points, Canada \$1.50 per year.
Foreign \$2.00 per year.

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Architect and Structural Engineer respectively.
Edmonton: Room 14 Credit Foncier Block. Phone 4213.
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E. C. HOPKINS, F.A.I.C., A.A.A.
Registered Architect.
Phone 1538. 132 Jasper Ave.
Edmonton, Alberta.

HER DOUBTS RESOLVED.

The steamer was approaching the Piraeus, and the passengers, gathered along the rail, were exclaiming over the beauty of the distant Greek mountains, gleaming and sparkling in the sunshine.

Presently one of the ladies detached herself from the group at the rail and addressed the captain, who was walking up and down the deck.

"Captain," she asked, "what is that white stuff on the hills over there?"
"That is snow, madam," answered the captain.

"I thought it was," said the lady, "but I understood a gentleman to say that it was grease."

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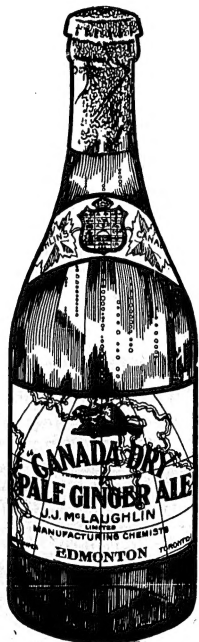
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With Your Meals—Appetizing, Refreshing
All Grocers and Liquor Stores



THOUGHTS ON THE CENSUS.

(If any member of a household is deaf and dumb, blind, a lunatic, imbecile, or feeble-minded, the fact has to be given.)

When last your father filled for you
The census-roll, he had no knotty
Riddles to guess; he knew your name,
Your age and health of mind and frame;
Thus: "Betty, spinster, 32.2.
Not deaf, nor blind, nor dumb, nor dotty."

Since that occasion I have wooed
And found you stiff with indecision;
So if he knows the facts about
That fatal error he will doubt
Whether your senses still include
The almost priceless gift of Vision.

Blind to my charms! or, sadder yet,
You had your mental optics blinded;
You loved my nose, but failed to trace
A corresponding inward grace,
And so your sire will have to set
His daughter down as feeble-minded.

I have admirers, men of weight,
Who hold that I, too, lost my head (you'll
Pardon this view); I, too, was blind
(To your defects of form and mind),
And ought to have my shocking state
Frankly recorded in the schedule.

Two cases, similarly sad!
Yet there's a solace to beguile 'em—
Let you and me, my dear, repair
Each to the other's arms, and there
Win what they need, the blind and mad—
A safe and permanent Asylum.
Owen Seaman, in Punch.

We have all met the settler who expected that Canada in addition to giving him his land should furnish him with all that the denizens of Fifth Avenue and Piccadilly are accustomed to. But the demands increase, as the following letter, which the immigration commissioner at Winnipeg received the other day, indicates:

"I have the honor to let you know by this that I arrived at Monarch, Alta., on March 2, and that I took up a half section of land, 320 acres, at Carleton Place on the first of April. I have to settle on that land on October 1 next, but before going on it I wish to get married. As I am a nobleman and rich, I wish to marry a rich widow of 30 to 35 years of age, with about three or four million dollars. Dear sir, you will do me a great favor if you will give me the address of such a rich widow in Winnipeg, Man.

"Send me the address as soon as possible of such a rich widow and I think I can do the rest and marry her. Sir, let me know at the same time how many millions she has.

"Write me as soon as possible as I am in a hurry. I like better one without children."
Our Monarch friend is really too exacting. For the sake of three or four millions he ought to be willing to take at least one or two children along with it.

A man dining at a cafe observed that, though he had ordered a dozen oysters, he was given only eleven. The next evening the same thing occurred again. Then the diner became somewhat irritated. "Why," he demanded of the waiter, "do you serve me only eleven oysters when I ordered a dozen?"

The waiter bowed apologetically. "I didn't think you'd want to be sitting thirteen at table, sir."

Mary had a little ring; 'twas given by her beau; and everywhere that Mary went that ring was sure to go. She took the ring with her one day, when she went out to tea, where she might display it to the girls, who numbered twenty-three.

And when the girls all saw that ring, they made a great ado, exclaiming, with one voice: "Has it at last got round to you?"

Hetty's uncle, who is a school-teacher, met her on the street one beautiful May-day, and asked her if she was going out with the Maying party.

"No, I ain't going," said Hetty's uncle, "you must not say 'I ain't going.' You must say, 'I am not going,' and he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar: 'You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now can you say all that, Hetty?'

"Of course I can," she replied, making a courtesy. "There ain't nobody going."

Arriving at a small Western station last fall, where a number of cowboys had gathered after the regular round-up, a young tenderfoot asked permission to ride a certain horse which belonged to a cowboy present. "What threw you?" asked the owner of the horse, helping the young man to his feet.

"What threw me?" said the tenderfoot, surprised. "Didn't you see her buck?" "Buck he—!" said the cowboy. "Why, she only coughed."

"The business spirit enters into almost every product of human ingenuity in our Middle West," says a Chicago man. "Perhaps the oddest example of this I've ever encountered is a monument in a Springfield cemetery erected by a stone mason in memory of his wife."

"Inscribed on this handsome product of the mason's art are these words: 'Martha Hume, wife of Henry Hume, stone mason. This monument was erected by her husband as a mark of respect and also as a specimen of his workmanship. Monuments in the same style \$100.'

The Vermont farm had been worn out, so the New-Englander and his wife took up a homestead in Oklahoma. The soil was kindly, and their native thrift was great, so they prospered. At last, however, age came heavily upon the wife, and, knowing that her time was not long, she called her husband to her side.

"Reuben," she said, "I want you to send me back to Vermont when I'm passed away."

Reuben pulled his whiskers reflectively. "That would cost a lot, Mary—could buy that wind-mill for what that would cost," he said.

"But I couldn't lie still in a grave this far away from all the old folks," she protested.

"Well, now, I'll tell you," he compromised. "Suppose we just try ye here, and if you don't lie still, why, I'll ship ye back to old New Hampshire."

A Winnipegger recently employed as office-boy the nephew of a friend in Toronto. When the men met, soon after the entrance of the youngster upon his new duties, the Torontonian naturally made inquiry touching the progress of his protégé.

"He's doing fairly well," was the brief comment of the employer.

"Honest boy?" said the Toronto man, somewhat surprised at the faint praise of the lad, and not knowing what else to remark.

"Oh, he's honest, all right," said the boss.

"And not afraid of work?" timidly ventured the other.

"And not afraid of work," assented the employer.

"Indeed, he will sleep right alongside of it."

In a certain city sermons were to be preached and collections made on behalf of a missionary society. To remind them of the annual effort, and to request their attendance, the pastor visited many of his flock.

A few days after the first appeal, he called at the house of an old woman whom he had seen at church for the first time. Before he could utter a word of greeting the old woman startled him by saying: "Ah, you're comin'; I tho't you would. But I'll give you more to missions—not I. Why, look at that," showing a penny which she took from a shelf; "I put that in the plate and it come back to me from the grocer today. I marked it, I did, for I knowed well them heathens never got the money."

One of the delegates to the recent congress on the conservation of natural resources was invited to make an address before a literary and scientific organization. He was a very good speaker, and for half an hour his audience listened attentively; at the end of an hour they were thinking that they had been well entertained and that the evening was well spent; at the end of an hour and a half they thought they knew enough about conservation to last them the remainder of their lives; at the end of two hours they had sunk into a state of listless despair.

"Important as is this subject to us, it is more so to others, gentlemen," the speaker asserted, apparently getting a second wind. "I am in reality speaking for the benefit of posterity."

"Well, just hold out a little longer, old man," some one in the rear muttered, "and posterity will be here to profit by your remarks."

NEW GUN METAL.

A correspondent in Vienna of one of the London dailies says, according to the New York Post, that a battery of new nickel steel guns, with a calibre of ten centimetres (3.937 inches), will soon be tested on the Hungarian artillery ranges at Hajmáskér. The new guns, which have been made by the Skoda Works, are stated to give a greatly increased muzzle velocity, with corresponding range, and an extraordinarily flat trajectory. The adoption of nickel steel instead of the bronze alloy hitherto used for the Austro-Hungarian field artillery is an interesting departure. The correspondent adds that, on account of its weight the barrel of the new gun will be transported on a special carriage, and will only be mounted on the regular gun carriage when going into action.

THE CONVERSATION.

Willow D. Nesbit, in April Canada Monthly.

The parlor light was low and dim,

Yet not too dim and not too low;

He talked to her and she talked to him—

Yet what they said they did not know.

They talked about the latest play

They chatted of the newest book,

But somehow each one seemed to say

A different thing with smile and look.

They talked about the flood in France,

And of the row at England's polls,

Of an amusing circumstance,

Of chocolate, of breakfast rolls,

Of making change on trolley cars,

Of pictures in a magazine,

Of what they put in good cigars,

Of how to crank a big machine.

At last he said that he must go;

It took some time to say "Good-night"—

The parlor lamp burned dim and low,

But both their hearts were glad and light.

In conversation they had led,

The evening had been nicely spent,

Though neither knew what either said,

Each knew just what the other meant.

RINGING THROUGH QUEBEC PROVINCE

ANOTHER MARVELLOUS CURE BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Ludger Cote's Backache had developed into Bright's Disease, and pains and aches were his portion—Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him.

St. Yvon, Gaspé Co., Que., May 20. (Special)—Once more a wonderful cure has sent the name of the old Canadian Kidney Remedy ringing through the Province of Quebec. Mr. Ludger Cote, a well known resident of this place, is the man cured and the story of his cure in his own words is as follows:

"For four years I suffered from Backache, stiffness of the joints and finally Bright's Disease. I could not bend by right leg on account of the pain in my hip and knee. I had terrible pains in the region of the bladder. My eyes were swollen. I was always tired and nervous and took no pleasure in life.

"Finally, I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and the effect was marvellous. Six boxes cured me completely."

Backache, neglected, develops into Bright's Disease. The one sure way to escape its tortures is to cure the Backache when it first starts with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

HOW A THRONE WAS WON.

The Orient is still the land of the strange and romantic. Straight from every-day modern life in India comes a story that might have been invented by Scheherazade herself for the entertainment of the sultan. It is an account, in T. P.'s Magazine, of how the present Gaekwar of Baroda won his throne.

In 1875, after the Maharaja Malhar Rao was deposed, the council sought a worthier member of the family as his successor. Four sons of the house lived in the city, but the council felt that they were all too old and incompetent to become efficient rulers.

In a distant village, in a mud hut, the council found a poverty-stricken family of the royal race. In this family were three sons, each of whom was young enough to be molded into a capable ruler. After some deliberation, the council decided that one of these boys should have the throne, but left the selection to the dowager maharane.

Accordingly, the three brothers—Gopal, Dada and Sampat—were summoned to the city of Baroda. Shortly after their arrival, they were admitted to the presence of the maharane. Her highness asked each in turn why he had come to Baroda.

The youngest was so awed and bewildered by the magnificence of the court that after smiling foolishly for a moment, he burst into a storm of tears and sobs.

The next in age, who was more stolid, did not behave so hysterically. He answered the question as any well-behaved Hindu lad of his age would have done. He had come to Baroda, he declared, because his relatives had brought him there.

But when Gopal was asked the same question, he airily responded:

"I have come to be the Maharaja of Baroda."

The maharane and her councillors with one accord decided that the youth who gave this bold reply showed the most promise of becoming an able ruler of his people. He was chosen, and there has been no need to regret the choice.

City of Edmonton

ASSESSMENT ROLL, 1912

Notice is hereby given that the assessment rolls of the city for the year 1912 have been prepared and are now open for inspection at my office in the city hall from ten a.m. to four p.m. on every judicial day except Saturday (and on that day from ten a.m. to mid-day), and that any ratepayer who desires to object to the assessment of himself or any other person must within twenty days after date of this notice lodge his complaint in writing at my office.

The assessment rolls for the north side at City Hall, 42 Frazer avenue, and those for the south side at 25 Main Street, North.

Dated this 20th day of May, 1912.
D. M. McMillan,
City Assessor.

Seasonable Suggestions

A Bottle of fine old
Port

A Bottle of 50 year
old Brandy

A Bottle of Good
Sherry

A Bottle of 25 year
old Scotch

Or any of the Myriad of good things we have which are appropriate at this festive season.

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THE SENSITIVE POET.

An American lady who not long ago had the pleasure of presenting a letter of introduction to Miss Jane Barlow, a frequent contributor to The Companion, found the writer of "Irish Idylls" quite as delightful as her most ardent admirer could wish. She is a quiet, friendly lady, with a pleasant voice, bands of smooth hair, and an attractive touch of old-fashioned quaintness in her dress.

Few anecdotes about her have ever found their way into print—"and no wonder," said her visitor afterward. "No person with the least idea of the fineness of things would ever think of running to a reporter to tell tales about Miss Barlow. She doesn't seem to belong to the public—she's not that kind of woman."

However, since one among the many things she had to tell her friends about her visit was an anecdote that, Miss Barlow told her, had somehow, a long while ago, got into the papers, it may certainly be told again. It concerned Miss Barlow's first contribution to literature—some verses that she sent to the Cornhill Magazine while still in her teens. She awaited the editor's reply with girlish eagerness. When it came it was a shock: "I have no use for your silly verses."

She was, naturally, mortified and hurt. A plain rejection would have been bad enough; one worded so scornfully was sheer, unnecessary cruelty. She endured her misery in solitude for a while—her family knew nothing of her literary venture—but her feelings became too much for her. She confessed, and demanded sympathy.

But when she showed the letter, the sprawling editorial hieroglyphics, read with more calmness and with the whole family to interpret, took on a surprisingly different significance. He had written:

"I hope to use your pretty verses."

HOW SHOULD HE KNOW?

Pat was strolling along the quayside as a big ship was about to sail. "Sure," said Pat, to the Captain, "could you find me a job?"

"Just the man I want," said the captain, and so Pat joined the ship for the first time in his life. It was a fine night, and they were in mid-ocean. The captain all at once noticed a man fall overboard, and shouted to Pat: "Throw a buoy overboard."

Pat seized a bright-eyed youngster standing by and threw him into the sea.

"I did not mean that boy; I meant a cork boy."

"Sure," said Pat, "how do I know whether he comes from Cork or Tipperary?"

BOUND TO COME OUT.

He was a long-locked tragedian, and at last he had obtained a speaking part. But it was only four words he had to say. "The queen has swooned." Quite simple!

It was the first night, and he had invited his own particular pals to come and cheer him.

On he came, and announced, in a high-pitched voice:

"The swoon has quooned."

A roar of laughter greeted his words, but he was not daunted, and he made another attempt:

"The swoon has quooned!"

"This time the house rocked with laughter and the voice of the stage-manager could be distinctly heard to say:

"Come off, you fool!"

But the ambitious one refused to surrender, and had to be dragged off. Even as he reached the wings, however, he screamed out:

"The quoon has swooned."

THE INVESTOR

The long struggle that Edmonton has had to convince the outside world that it had a great country behind it which was bound to make it a very great city has reached the stage where we are receiving very wide recognition of our claims. This is not the time to rest on our laurels. It is now that the most energetic and intelligent publicity work must be done. But we can take great satisfaction out of the immense change that has been brought about.

Striking evidence of it is given the last issue of the Monetary Times to arrive. As is well-known this old and reputable financial journal is not in the habit of going rhapsodies over anything and the article from the pen of its editor on "Edmonton, the Gateway to the Peace River" is on that account the more remarkable.

Here are some extracts that are particularly well worth quoting:

"In a few years, agriculturists, manufacturers and wholesale heads will puncture astonishing anomalies at Edmonton. Men will use the rich soil surrounding the city to grow potatoes, which give Aladdin-like yields to the acre, instead of shipping them to Southern Alberta from New Brunswick and other distant points. Men will turn out sewer pipe to satisfy the local improvement appetites of Albertan cities here and coming, instead of sending big orders to Ohio and Minnesota. Men will manufacture soap and leather and biscuits instead of shipping the raw materials east and the finished products back again west. As the development of the Peace River country shoots the northern lights of progress into eastern commercial skies, our wholesale captains will establish their warehouses at the gateway, Edmonton, instead of allowing another slice of Canadian business to go to our enterprising southern neighbors. Thus will conditions be adjusted and the capital city of Alberta get into its stride.

"One of the largest and most modern warehouses in this city today is handling boots. Look at the stock, and one sees that the thick-soled variety predominates, along with top boots and boots that will stand the pedal strain of pioneering. There are the finer kinds which will have their innings after thick soles have begun to count in the Peace River empire.

"That vast country beyond, with its natural resources, waterways and possibilities, is alone sufficient reason for Edmonton's stand. If the fates had decreed the city's development should be based on that of the north, not only, the fates would have been good. But they did better. Many cities many sections of the Dominion have their unexploited territories, and Edmonton has millions of valuable acres for its back garden.

"Every tenth man, perhaps, who wants to see the Edmonton bank managers is a newcomer. A foreigner was introduced to one of the bank powers the other day and turned over his bundle of German papers to the manager. He in turn had then translated before closing time into a deposit of \$12,000. That is a typical instance. The banker in this new country has his peculiar problems, but he also has the finger on the business pulse. At Edmonton, it is best according to the doctor's liking, with maybe a tendency to jump a little too fast at times.

"The fame of the country in which this capital city stands will some day spread far and wide as mixed farming land without rival. Cold type cannot convey adequately the value of the possibilities in that direction. The best advice is given by the Edmonton people themselves, 'Come and grow with us.'"

May has still two days to run when this is being written, but the building permits for the month are well over the two million dollar mark and will beat out the record established in April when in actual construction Edmonton was easily fifth among the cities of the Dominion. The largest projects started in the present month were the new warehouse of Revillon Brothers on Fourth street and the plant of the Edmonton Brewing and Malting Co. along the C.N.R. at Twenty-first street. The permit for the latter was \$250,000 and the eventual cost of the enterprise will be \$450,000.

The sale of Hudson's Bay land has been going on steadily and the total reached the four million mark on Wednesday. Bank managers comment that there has been practically no demand for loans in connection with this, which serves to demonstrate on what a sound basis things are in the city.

The Western Canada Cold Storage and Packing Co., Ltd., represented by Capt. D. M. Bruce and N. B. Nichol, have taken possession of the packing plant at Medicine Hat. This action will soon result in the wheels turning.

Capt. Bruce says in conjunction with N. B. Nichol that he acts as trustee for a syndicate of the Central Canada Packing company, and have absolute confidence in the future of an industry conducted on the lines laid down by the promoters of the original Packing company. Practically the entire amount of the purchase price has been paid in cash, and the small balance left has been fully provided for.

Here is another item of local interest from the current issue of the Monetary Times:

"Count de Topor and associates are reported to have become interested in Vermilion, Alberta. They are said to be owners of a large number of lots in the town, and according to telegraphed stories, have before them an extensive programme of investment and colonization. An enthusiast sends this additional information: 'The company, of which the Count and his associates are the principals, is closely connected with some of the very best financial institutions in England and Europe, and is also understood to be very closely allied with the big transportation companies operating between this country and the Old Land.'"

"The Monetary Times has every desire to encourage investments in and immigration to Canada, but it is necessary to have more definite information than the above regarding such proposals. The Count and his companies are probably excellent nation builders, but it is only fair that we should know the name of their company, its European address, its history, its financial standing, the identity of the very best financial institu-

tions' with which it has connections, and the 'big transportation companies' with which it is 'understood to be closely allied.' The day of mysterious atmosphere around visitors to Canada has passed. Canadians, who have hitherto appeared far too many telegraphic inferences, have a right to plain statements of fact instead of being allowed to make their own guesses. Count de Topor should give some details of his company, its schemes and its connections."

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS?

"Kit" in April Canada Monthly.

A woman leaning over a crystal sees this: There are two women in the crystal. The woman who is looking into the glass knows both of them. She sees one seated before a desk sorting papers. Behind her steals the other woman, crouching, a dagger in her hand. A mist comes over the crystal. When it clears, the dagger is seen embedded between the shoulders of the woman who is seated. The other woman has vanished.

That evening a letter is despatched to one living in a foreign country by the woman who saw the murder committed in the crystal. She writes:

"I have seen, this day, something that makes me shudder even as I write of it. You are seriously threatened. Your very life is in peril. I dare say no more than this; beware of Madame G—. I saw her and you together not an hour ago in the magic crystal. Do not laugh. Deep in your soul you believe in Spiritualism. It was at the house of A—, here in London, that I saw you in the crystal. You know that he is the greatest medium the world has ever produced. You have experienced his uncanny influence yourself. Believe me or not, some great peril is hanging over you. Your star appeared through the glass which seemed to be smoked. When I pointed this out, A— said: 'That is the death sign. I have never known it to fail. Your friend is in danger. I see—' here he trailed into a trance. It was while he was apparently insensible—that the story unfolded in the glass globe. I am losing no time in setting as much of it as I care to tell you down here."

Late that night a wire crossed Russia asking for details. None were forthcoming, and the matter died away.

Six months later a woman was found murdered under certain conditions. It was the woman who was seen to be stabbed in the crystal but she was poisoned, not killed with the knife. And Madame G—, who was seen in the magic glass murdering her, was half a world away at the time! The letter quoted above was discovered among the dead woman's effects and the writer and Madame G— were sought for. They were not found. In a night Madame G— had disappeared. Nor could either of them be traced. They may have been Revolutionaries and have vanished as such people do, never to be seen again. The sensation faded away with the burial of the murdered woman at her home in Northern Russia.

A trial is being held in India at the time of this writing which recalls that old story. A Miss Orme, aged fifty, was found dead in her bed at the Savoy Hotel in Moscow, the cause, poisoning by prussic acid, her companion, Miss Mount-stephens, was arrested and charged with the crime. At the trial going on as I write, it comes out that this lady companion told her employer that she saw her being stabbed by another woman in a magic crystal. Yet Miss Orme is not stabbed and dies by poison administered—by whom? That is for the courts to say. The stories are remarkably alike in the matter of crystal gazing. Did you ever look into a magic crystal? I did once and I saw—an ass.

"OVER NIGHT."

At the Empire Theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 3, 4 and 5, William A. Brady will present "Over Night," a screamingly funny play which amused New Yorkers nearly all of last season. "Over Night" is the product of the pen of Philip H. Bartholomae, a young writer who had not before been heard of, but who won instant favor with this, his very first effort at play-making. So great was its success that at the termination of its run at the Hackett Theatre, where it was originally given Mr. Brady transferred it to his own new theatre, "The Playhouse," where it finished out the season, running well into the summer. The story of "Over Night" has to do with the happenings and mishaps that befall two young married couples on their honeymoon trip up the Hudson River, on an Albany steamboat, and it is said that the author has so cleverly manipulated the complications that it keeps his audience in constant roars of laughter from the rise of the curtain to its fall. "Over Night" rather astonished the New York critics, who had never before heard of Mr. Bartholomae, and they one and all united in giving it unstinted praise, many of them declaring it to be the most laughable comedy in many seasons. Mr. Brady promises a first class production of "Over Night" and has very carefully selected the cast to meet all requirements. Of course, the interest naturally centers in the young people, and these parts have been assigned to Sam B. Hardy and Tom Emory, who will be the more or less happy husbands, and Francine Larimore and Ada Stirling who will enact their wives. Other members of the cast are Inez Buck, Arthur Aylesworth, Florence Stewart, James T. Ford, M. P. Hamilton, Elsie Scott and E. L. Duane. "Over Night" should prove a most entertaining play for the patrons of the Empire Theatre.

"My dear, would you have time to sew a button on for me before you go?"

"I've told you before, William, Jane will do it for you. Please remember you married a typewriter not a sewing machine."

"Why do you go to the dining room before greeting the hostess?"

"Well, the hostess will keep, but the refreshments seem to be getting away."

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* * The Titanic's Resting Place * *

"There is no sound, no echo of sound
in the deserts of the deep
Or the great grey level plains of ooze
where the shell-buried cables creep."

—Kipling.

In the abyssal depths of the Atlantic ocean, beneath two miles of salt water, lie the dead that went down with the Titanic. Their bodies, reduced to the smallness of a man's wrist by the crushing pressure of the water, are sunk in a bed of slimy red ooze, and strange, fantastic, mud-eating creatures, the like of which the sun never shone upon swim and crawl about them.

At that depth a great calm reigns, and no ray of sunlight ever pierces. The storms which churn the upper waters into tumultuous fury are unfeeling, the blackness is profound and it is always freezing cold.

"Down in the dark, the utter dark, where the blind white sea snakes are."

The great steel bulk of the Titanic rests in this black calm of ooze, sunk partially into it, perhaps wholly sunk into it, for no one has ever sounded the depths of the layer of soft mud upon the bottom of the deep set.

It is a belief common among sailors and landmen that a wreck never goes to the bottom, that it sinks until the pressure of the water holds it fast, and there, rocking about in the shadowy depths, it slowly dissolves. But the scientists know that what Sir John Murray, the great explorer of the sea floor, said is true:

"Anything that will sink in a glass of water," wrote Sir John Murray, "will sink to the bottom of the deepest sea."

Scientists point out that water is one of the most incompressible of substances. It can be compressed only one-twenty-thousandth of its bulk, and although the pressure may be enormous at the ocean bottom, the water is only a little more dense than at its surface. And yet the compression is sufficient, so that if it were suddenly released, say, by the suspension of the attraction of gravitation, and all the water over all the globe should expand until it was of the same pressure and density everywhere as at the surface, the ocean would instantly rise some five hundred feet, covering nearly all the inhabited land of the world.

Practically every part of the oceans' beds without the Arctic and Antarctic circles has been sounded and explored. Sounding wires and leaden weights and trawls of wire netting have been lowered to the bottom of the sea at its greatest depths, even eight miles, and mud and the creatures that live there have been brought up. And the lead sinks, as quickly through the lead mine as it did through the first.

A recent bulletin of the United States Hydrographic office contains the following positive statement:

"Once an object sinks by its own weight to a point where no part of it remains above the surface, it is bound to sink to the bottom, no matter how far the bottom may be below the surface."

So it is definitely settled, beyond the question of doubt, that all wrecks and all bodies and all objects with weight enough to sink below the surface will go to the bottom, and the myth of the wrecks and drowned men suspended in the middle depths was exploded long ago.

The Fate of the Drowned.

Not all the bodies of those drowned from the Titanic went down with her. Many put on life-preservers and these would float. It is well known that a stout man often floats like a cork. But all of those who were sucked down in the vortex caused by the sinking hull would go far enough to reach the influence of the tremendous water pressure that would squeeze out all buoyant gases and air within the body and it would keep on sinking and be compressed into a solid as hard as stone before it had dropped to the depth of half a mile. And that body would never come up again. It would lie upon the sea floor until the last vestige of it was dissolved. Ages from now only the teeth, the hardest substance in the human body, would be all remaining of the body, and even these would dissolve in time. Deep sea dredges often bring up the teeth of sharks from depths of five and six miles, all that remains of the monsters that died, maybe, millions of years ago.

Two Tons' Pressure to Square Inch.

The pressure of air at the surface of the sea and earth and upon all bodies upon it are fourteen pounds to the square inch. The pressure exerted by the sea water, is

one ton to the square inch for each mile of depth. Thus, the pressure at the two-mile depth where the Titanic lies is two tons to the square inch.

The greatest depth ever reached in a diving suit was two hundred feet, and there the pressure was eighty-eight pounds to the square inch.

A piece of tarred rope lowered to the depth of one mile by the Prince of Monaco, a famous oceanographer, was so compressed that its diameter was reduced from one inch to a half inch.

The living creatures, moving and unmovable, that inhabit in countless numbers the ocean floor are built to withstand this pressure of two or more tons to the square inch, and none of them may venture to swim upward out of its depths. It sometimes happens that a deep-sea fish, chasing its prey, gets out of its depth and goes tumbling upward. As the pressure is relieved it swells and bursts, and their bodies are often found, torn and mutilated, floating upon the surface. When brought to the surface in the deep sea dredges these fish are always dead; they fall to pieces.

No Vegetation There.

There is nothing of vegetable life where the Titanic lies. Plant life in the ocean is limited to shallow waters, but fishes and members of the invertebrate groups are distributed over the floor of the ocean at all depths. The majority of them live by eating the mud, clay or ooze, or by catching the minute particles of organic matter which fall from the surface. These mud-eating species, many of which are of gigantic size, become the prey of numerous rapacious animals armed with peculiar prehensile or dactylous organs.

On some part of the sea floor are vast fields of creatures crowded closely together; crinoids, living representatives of the stone-lilies of the geologists, grow in profusion there. Eel-like sharks, long serpentine creatures; ribbon fish, thirty feet long and weighing eight hundred pounds, with scarlet plumes like a mane from head to tail; giant squids, the favorite tidbit of the sperm whale, some of them one hundred feet long, crawl upon the bottom. No more hideous creature can be imagined than the giant squid. Its body is barrel shaped, its tail is like an arrow head, hard and sharp, its eyes are large as saucers, hypnotic and staring; ten arms are attached to its head from ten to twenty feet long and two fifty feet long.

THE CANADIAN WINTER IS BEAUTIFUL.

Is the Canadian winter an asset to the country? This question is suggested by an article contributed to the April Canadian Magazine by Newton MacTavish. The article deals with the art of Maurice Cullen, of Montreal, who as a painter makes a consistent study of the Canadian winter. Mr. MacTavish gives this artist credit for having depicted the snow and winter so as to present a beautiful picture and suggest a pleasing mood of nature. He observes that Mr. Cullen has achieved his ends as a painter of the snow, notwithstanding the prejudices of a great many persons who seem to think that we ought to keep the rest of the world ignorant of our winter. But if the beautiful aspects of winter could be impressed, as they are in Mr. Cullen's paintings, we should have no fear from a spread of the knowledge.

"I know your wife didn't like it because you took me home unexpectedly to dinner last night."

"Nonsense! Why, you hadn't been gone two minutes before she remarked that she was glad it was no one else but you."

Percy—"Her father took a fancy to me."

Harold—"He did?"

Percy—"Yes; he said he would like to have a son that looked like me just for one minute."

Fashion is the gravest of tyrants. Anyway, there never was a tyranny which put so many Christians to the torture.

Many a man who is not perfect, is a tolerably good fellow, and useful in a modest way.

You can't play truant from the school of experience

A HOLIDAY TRIP DOWN THE RIVER

Scorning the cheap excursion of the Canadian Northern Railway as well as the more tempting offer, to navigators, of the royal trip by the steamer "City of Edmonton," my friend Mac and I resolved to celebrate Empire Day by travelling down the river to Fort Saskatchewan in our craft the "Alma." I might say why we chose the name Alma, but that is another story and it has nothing to do with the battle of Alma. Alma is a canoe and we decided that we would paddle our own canoe. We meant to race the steamer down the stream—we had not quite made up our minds to beat it by stream—and if we had not stayed up so late the night before we might have done. As it was we slept in and the steamer got a start on us.

It was an ideal day for the trip. Long before we were out of bed the sun, shining with unclouded brilliance was high in the heavens. Mac went down to the "dock" ahead of me and when I reached the water's edge I was asked if I had got the paddles. Of course I told him that being skipper he ought to have thought of that. Anyhow, like an obedient crew I was willing to take his orders and hike back for them. We got away at last, half an hour after the steamer. Our starting point was the east end bridge. The skipper sat in the stern, having charge of the direction of our course. I was told that the man in front must paddle continuously and all the time, otherwise there would be difficulty in steering and the possibility of running something down. If the something was big enough to wreck us it might be us that would go down.

What a delicious sense of independence we felt as we slipped down the river at the rate of five or six miles an hour. I would state the speed in knots but I'm not so sure of the difference between knots and miles. Before we shot beyond the city limits we hailed several other craft that were fitting out on shore, but there was no craft which revealed such graceful beauty to our nautical vision as did the Alma. She is a peach. As long as there were people along the banks to watch our progress I obeyed orders and paddled for all that was in me. As the crew of the Alma I wished to make a good impression. At the new low level bridge we had to touch the rapids. The proud waters of the Saskatchewan were swirled and perished where the false work of the new bridge offered an ineffectual impediment to their onward rush. The waters seemed angry, but we had no wish to offer ourselves as a sacrifice to their anger, so we strained our muscles at the paddles and in triumph our frail but true bark shot into smoother water.

Two's company, especially in a canoe, and Mac found that the sense of companionship made it difficult for him to maintain a stern authority over the crew. So we fraternized like good mates should and I shipped my paddle and admired the beauty of the country while the skipper kept the nose of the Alma pointing down stream. When we were both paddling the Alma would occasionally make a dash for the shore, usually on the opposite side to which my blade and then the skipper said some caustic things about my weight—for I am twenty pounds avoirdupois heavier than he is. I will omit the embellishments he used, but he said that I weighted the bow too much and made it difficult to steer. He tried sitting on the peak at the stern but I suppose it was not comfortable so he ported the helm and we ran ashore on a stony beach where we picked up a rock weighing about half a hundred, and which the crew was ordered to place in the stern. After that I heard no more remarks about my excessive pounds.

There was a delicious languor in the air that made sustained effort irksome. Even the kind declined to crop continuously the fresh springing grass and came down to the river to stand under-deep in the cooling stream. Lazily they raised their heads to gaze after us as we floated on past them. After a while a pleasant breeze sprang up in the south and where the river turned northward it blew upon our backs. If the crew was idle the skipper was resourceful and again we ported helm. This time we picked up a spar and with that and one of the paddles and a "slicer" we improvised a sail. It was the crew's paddle that was used so the crew had to become a man-of-war as well. That is, I had to hold up the paddle perpendicularly and the spar at an angle. At the end of five minutes I began to pity the Israelitish leader who dare not take down his hands from above his head while the battle lasted. Being a son of the sea-dog race, though, I would not complain. It would not have been bad, I said to myself, but the sail interrupted my view of the glorious witchery of nature clothing the closely wooded banks of the Saskatchewan with all the enchanting beauty of a Canadian springtime. The voice of the skipper however burst rudely on my reflections in an order to "hoist the beam." The order was unintelligible but it sufficed to waken the crew up to the fact that the wind was now blowing freshly from a different angle.

After a journey of some four and one half hours the crew who was on the lookout behind the mast espied a bridge ahead which he reported promptly to the skipper. The skipper said we were nearing the fort and that he expected shortly to sight the "City of Edmonton" under our lee. The crew inquired of the skipper if he had not any report in the log about our having passed a steamer of that name on our way down, but he retorted that with such a crew it would have been impossible to overtake a bathurst. Sure enough the "City of Edmonton" had won the race.

No, we didn't win the race up stream, either. The skipper thought that a wise discretion was the better part of valor and on behalf of himself and the crew of the Alma he accepted the invitation of the genial captain of the "City of Edmonton" to ship aboard our craft and ourselves and we made the return trip in about an hour and a half longer than the outbound trip in the canoe had occupied.

Misses—"Jane, I saw the milkman kiss your wife this morning. In the future I will take the milk in."

Jane—"Wouldn't he use me, ma'am, he promised never to kiss anybody but me."

If you have a disagreeable experience, people say the lesson will do you good. That's about all sympathy amounts to.

Facts are stubborn things, but they meet their match when they run up against the confirmed optimist.

Compliments are often insincere, but fault-finding is always genuine.

THE STORY OF SPRING.

(C. K. Chesterton, in the "The Daily News," London)

The only two things that can satisfy the soul are a person and a story; and even a story must be about a person. There are indeed very voluptuous appetites and enjoyments in mere abstraction—like mathematics, logic or chess. But these mere pleasures of the mind are like mere pleasures of the body. That is, they are mere pleasures, though they may be gigantic pleasures; they can never by a mere increase of themselves amount to happiness. A man just about to be hanged may enjoy his breakfast; especially if it be his favorite breakfast; and in the same way he may enjoy an argument with the chaplain about heresy, especially if it is his favorite heresy. But whether he can enjoy either of them does not depend on either of them; it depends upon his personal attitude toward a subsequent event. And that event is really interesting to the soul; because it is the end of a story and (as some hold) the end of a person.

Now it is this simple truth which like many other truths, is too simple for our scientists to see. This is where they go wrong, not only about true religion, but about false religions too; so that their account of mythology is more mythical than the myth itself. I do not confine myself to saying that they are quite incorrect when they state (for instance) that Christ was a legend of dying and reviving vegetation, like Adonis or Persephone. I say that even if Adonis was a god of vegetation, on they have got the whole notion if him wrong. Nobody, to begin with, is sufficiently interested in the decaying vegetables, as such, to make any particular mystery or disguise about them; and certainly not enough to disguise them under the image of a very handsome young man which is a vastly more interesting thing. If Adonis was connected with the fall of leaves in autumn and the return of flowers in spring, the process of thought was quite different. It is a process of thought which springs up spontaneously in all children and young artists; it springs up spontaneously in all healthy societies. It is very difficult to explain in a diseased society.

It is something like this. Men, looking suddenly at spring flowers, have a poignant sense of being at once intoxicated and unsatisfied; a feeling only to be expressed in the words, "What is it all about?" What is that shining mystery which is called the beauty of this world? Who did it—why did they do it—what are they going to do next—what shall I do about it—what does it mean? The vegetation considered as a process man could in almost any age have explained simply as a process; he knew lots of processes, bodily, domestic, utilitarian, which worked like clockwork and to which he never attached any sanctity. What demanded explanation was not the process but his interest in the process; the world's less emotions which mastered him at the sight of certain things and not of others. It was not so much the question of a certain system as a certain question, but that question laid upon him; and it may be noted that travellers and missionaries, the most sacrosanct and the most superficial, all report that in barbaric tribes the minimum of religion is always a belief in the charm or witchcraft of certain creatures or things. It was not the opening of the flowers the man wanted explained, but the opening of his own heart when he saw them. Religion did not begin in botany, but in psychology and aesthetics. There are a number of excellent people called agnostics, now probably numbering a majority of the most educated and influential class, who sincerely say that the soul does ask this passionate and personal question, but that there is no answer. I am not arguing with these people—not just now. I merely record what the responsible among them will all admit; that in heroic states of youth or simplicity the question is always asked, often (in subjective opinion) answered; and that whenever it can be said to be answered it is always answered in one way. The soul is satisfied, the soul only can be satisfied, by something involving a person or a story. Any explanation is good enough for grass, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven. But only one explanation is good enough for the beauty of grass. It is the explanation that springs to the lips of every good savage, of every good poet and, I may add, of every good theologian. It is a God.

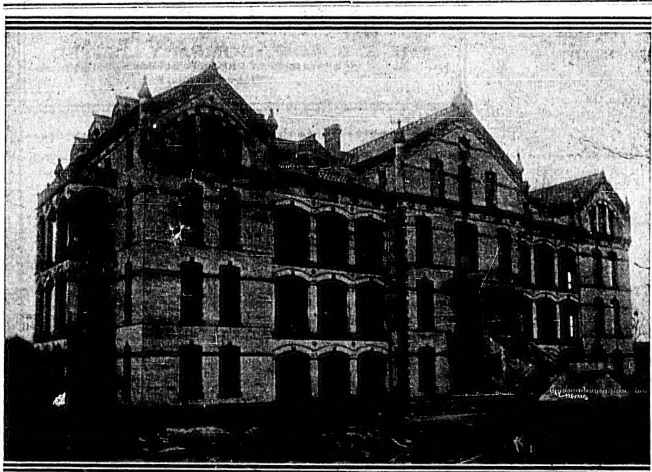
Then comes that next great leap of the liberated soul which the scientists cannot comprehend. The fascination of the flowers, when once it has touched the soul, demands a story and a person. The moment the person is believed in he turns ten thousand times bigger than the flowers or even the story. He does what nothing but a person can do—he explains. The baffling beauty which called him forth as a hypothesis becomes his mere adjunct and ornament. As the simple person sees it, the flowers were but a few hints that there "was" a story; and now the story has begun. For the soul cares no more for primroses than Disraeli did; it cares for the story of the spring—because it is a detective story.

A child does not look at the lustrous lattice-work of the frost, and say, "This can only be explained on the hypothesis that a man called Jack Frost does it with his finger." He feels that such feathery exactitude suggests the finger of somebody; and as he is not allowed, in the best regulated modern families, to say it is the finger of God, he says it is Jack Frost or anyone else he happens to have heard of. The process which remains perfectly direct and prompt is the passage from the idea of beauty to the idea of personality, art cries out for an artist. It is plainly impossible that so standard a work as the universe should remain anonymous.

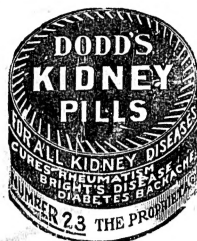
But when the child has thought of Jack Frost, he thinks more of Jack Frost than of the frost itself. The pattern only excites; but the person satisfies. By the end of the business the child has begun to feel that Jack Frost has rather honored the windows by drawing on them at all. He is superior to windows, superior even to winter: he is what no dead things can be—he is in a story. As these children of men always thought about autumn and spring, if all this beauty meant frost, the worst took the first place; if not the beauty was hardly even beautiful. If the flowers meant a god, they were flung at the feet of the god. If they did not mean a god, they were flung away.

Not all philosophers are poor men, but a great many poor men come to be philosophers.

Sometimes you are let in on the ground floor, only to find that the elevator isn't running.



Canadian Methodist Hospital at Chengtu, West China, which recently sheltered scores of foreign refugees during a siege.



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Ideal holiday sport was provided out at the Exhibition race track on the 24th and the days preceding and following it. There is nothing like this time of the year for a race meet and the future is one that Edmonton will look forward to with keen interest in future seasons. Visiting horsemen have been practically unanimous in the opinion that the city possesses the best half mile track on the continent.

The running races had a larger part on the programme than usual and this undoubtedly pleased the crowd, whose partiality for these is unquestioned. On the holiday the favorites had an unfortunate experience. Doride in the seven furlongs was left at the post and Lady Renshaw, a three to one shot, came home a winner; Marcus, on whom the crowd had put up a bushel of money, though also at three to one, coming third. The win of Buri, an Edmonton horse, in its race, the odds on whom were also three to one, was a very popular one.

Next day, however, there was a different story to tell. For the five furlongs, Sporting Life was backed off the books long before the race was called. Much money then went in on Alberta Boy and the race between the two was the best of the meet, Sporting Life leading at the wire by just a small margin.

In the mile run Conflagration was given a good deal of support but could not do better than fourth, Prince Rupert, the favorite on the books, coming in a comparatively easy winner. Doride made up for her ill-luck of the previous day by beating out Little Bill in the Consolation.

The great sporting event of the past week did not come off. Connell did not go into the ring with Burns for reasons that were not hard to guess, though no direct explanation has been given. There was, of course, a very much disappointed crowd, but the chance at least was given to see the ex-champion at work on his training. He made many friends though no one seriously contemplates the possibility that he will go back into the world's championship arena.

The Toronto Globe publishes an interesting illustration, showing as they shook hands in the paddock after the King's Plate race, Mr. Charles Littlefield, rider of Don Juan, winner of the first Plate race, in 1860, and Jockey Bob Small, rider of Heresy, winner of the Plate in 1912.

When Jockey Bob Small returned to the paddock from his winning ride on Heresy he was congratulated by the rider of the first winner of the Guinness. The occurrence is unique, and as the veteran said to the lad when they shook hands: "I doubt, my boy, if you will ever see what I have seen this way—the fifty-third race of which I rode the first winner. I hope you may."

The sports at the Fort were overshadowed to a certain extent by the races in Edmonton, but were nevertheless much enjoyed by the large crowd that was present. They have done much in bringing new athletes forward in the past and the people of the town down the river are entitled to much credit for the effort which they put forth each year.

Decoteau, Mansfield and Buddo will represent Alberta at the trial Olympic games in Montreal. The records of all three lead one to believe that they will be able to make a good showing against the eastern talent.

As this column is being written, Red Deer stands at the top of the baseball league. The games have brought out good ball and the four club series looks like a success.

In the big leagues, the triumphal march of the New York Giants has become even more pronounced than that of the Chicago White Sox in the American. It is a little early to make any definite forecast, but they certainly look like the teams of the year. Up till Tuesday, New York had won 25 out of 31 games played, and was nearly two hundred ahead of Cincinnati in the percentage table, while Chicago had to its credit 24 games out of 33 with a lead of over a hundred on Boston. Here's a prediction that the world's championship will be a pitchers' contest between Marquard and Walsh.

The Edmonton cricket league opened most auspiciously on Saturday, two well-contested games being played. Swift's won from Strathcona and the Edmonton Club from the Calles. All the clubs have much promising material and there is no chance of a walkover for any of them.

The Australians and South Africans have been doing exceedingly well in their matches against the English counties. Gregory, the Australian captain, who played first for Australia in England twenty-two years ago, and McCartney, who is on his second trip, have been making some remarkable scores. All the rest of the team are young and comparatively inexperienced players, but because they are so, much sympathetic interest will be shown in their work. It seems that it is possible Victor Trumper will play in some of the test matches, as he will be in England on business.

For South Africa, Faulker, who after his work in Australia a year ago last winter, was hailed as the world's greatest batsman, is likely to prove the chief tower of strength.

The value of the work which was done by the organizers of the Edmonton city cricket league is shown by

a recent copy of the English journal Cricket in which two columns is given to the effort to put the game on a good basis in this part of the Empire. Mr. Gasson's photo is reproduced from the souvenir programme that was prepared at the time of the smoker. A few weeks ago Mr. Gasson received a long and very friendly letter from Hon. F. S. Jackson, the great Yorkshire cricketer, commending what was being done in Edmonton.

News comes, as this goes to press, that Australia has won the first of the triangular tests, beating South Africa by an innings and 83 runs. But as usual the cable gives no individual scores. Up to the present Australia has to thank three batsmen for her success. In three matches Gregory, McCartney and Bardsley scored 946 out of 1348 runs. McCartney's showing is especially good. Against Essex, the match reported in the last London papers to arrive, with Douglas, the captain of the English team in Australia doing most of the bowling, he made 208, while Bardsley made 184, not out, and Gregory 71. The innings was declared closed with only three wickets down and the total 564. If it were an American game we were talking about, we would remark that this was "some" cricket.

COVER POINT.

The Solitary Coyote

(Mr. S. T. Wood on a well-known Westerner.)

Mr. S. T. Wood, whose nature editorials have been a feature of the Toronto Saturday Globe for a number of years, visited Alberta recently and here is one result of his trip:

The open prairie has a lonesome aspect. It seems too great, too vast, too endless when it stretches away to the skyline in all directions, and there is a measure of relief in the false impression of open sea at the horizon. This aspect of vast solitude is enhanced rather than relieved by a solitary coyote, sitting up at his full height in alert dignity and staring around over his extensive horizon. When the white owl sails steadily over in search of gophers or field mice, and the prairie hens settle from their nervous flight with rigidly extended wings, there is the companionship of varied life; but the solitary coyote, alone on the great plain under the capacious dome of grey, seems to intensify the solitude. This wolf of the prairie, familiar with the mounted cowboy, the herded cattle, and perhaps with the railway train, although seldom wandering many miles from home, seems puzzled at the sight of a stranger afoot, but does not relax his vigilance. He is probably the expelled but solicitous father whose mate is in comfortable hiding with her tender family in a burrow in the distant river bank. The burrow, dug out with patient industry or appropriated from some more industrious or better-equipped badger, is probably concealed by scrub willows somewhere along the bank of the winding valley.

Although only a few deceptive prairie miles away, this valley cannot be discerned. There is no apparent break in the prairie in which the river has scoured a needlessly deep channel, but the suspicious coyote starts toward this place of refuge at a swift, irregular trot, turning now and then to see if the strange visitor is in pursuit. He halts, not half-way to the river, and again sits up erect and vigilant, choosing a scarcely perceptible elevation for his new point of observation. The plain is so level that even this atom of alert life assumes a statuesque aspect. It would be exciting to see him seize a venturesome gopher. They are already astir, although none happens to be in sight, and they must make the problem of sustenance easy for the coyote and his family. He is a devoted parent, and remains faithfully near his mate until the family are able to provide their own food supplies. Gophers, mice, young birds, rabbits, fish and even insects and berries vary the daily fare, and his condition is of no consequence.

The problem of life is now easy, and whether the father coyote is welcome or not in the burrow with the young family there are abundant supplies for all the well-protected inmates. In the long, harsh winter it is different, and a carcass may bring a small, hungry conourse together, although coyotes do not seem to be gregarious. The barnyard may then be invaded, and any animal that can be mastered or run down is ravenously devoured. Now the lonely sentinel seems indolently watchful. The river not far away is invisible, for it has settled out of sight in the level plain. Beyond it, concealed in a broad depression, is a budding metropolis. In the opposite direction some farmhouses are concealed by another depression. The coyote chose an observation point from which no feature of advancing civilization was visible, and the smoke mingling imperceptibly with the grey sky could scarcely disturb indulgent fanciful reflections in the ancient, unmolested reign of his tribe.

A DOCTOR RESTORES LIFE?

Dr. Samuel J. Meltzer of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, in New York, in the course of recent experiments to discover a successful method of artificial respiration, restored to life two animals which he had caused to be put to death, and which were dead in the common acceptance of the term. Both recovered entirely. He believes the method to be equally applicable to man, and urges that, if he tried in all cases of death, for it is quite possible, he asserts, that in cases of death from acute illness the actual cause of death might be only of a temporary nature.

This laboratory worker, whose reputation is international, is known to scientists as an extremely conservative man. His positive statements, therefore, regarding the results of his latest discovery have created a stir in scientific circles. It is certain that Dr. Meltzer has devised a method of artificial respiration tenfold more efficient than the older ones, and it is expected that it will be the means of saving countless lives.

Briefly, the method consists of the introduction of a catheter into the pharynx, pulling out of the tongue, forcing the back part of the tongue against the roof of the mouth by pressure applied far back under the chin, putting a weight on the abdomen to keep air from being forced into the stomach, connecting the catheter with a bellows and pumping air into the lungs. With very little instruction the layman can learn these methods as readily as the physician.

The majority of Dr. Meltzer's experiments were carried on with animals in which respiration had been paralyzed by means of a poison named curare.

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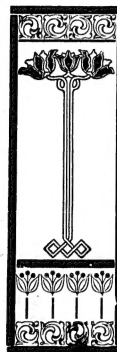
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The Impending Slide at Frank

That the town of Frank, Alberta, is liable at any moment to be wiped out of existence by a second Turtle Mountain landslide of far greater extent than the catastrophe of 1903, which killed seventy people, is the opinion of R. W. Brock, director of Geological Surveys of Canada. Mr. Brock made the investigation for the government at the close of the year 1903 disaster and has visited Frank and Turtle Mountain a number of times since. Recently he had a commission, consisting of Reginald A. Daly, W. G. Miller and George S. Rice investigate the condition of Turtle Mountain, and their report confirms Mr. Brock's own views, that there is imminent danger to the town of Frank from a second and far greater landslide.

"The people of the town of Frank are living," said Mr. Brock to a Winnipeg correspondent, "under the shadow of mountain which is liable to wipe it out of existence at any moment. Since coal mining started under the mountain the danger is far greater. I would not be surprised to read any morning in the paper, that the town of Frank had been destroyed with terrible loss of life. If there is another landslide it will be far worse than the first. It was only the edge of the town which was struck the first time. This time the full force of the slide would strike the centre of the town, and if it happened nothing could save the lives of practically the whole town. There is already a crack in the mountain and let even the slightest earthquake occur—and they are not unknown in the Rockies—an the whole mountain would tumble down upon the town of Frank. We have warned the town council, but they have so far taken no action. There is no reason why the town could not be moved farther up the river."

The First Slide.

The first slide occurred on April 23, 1903 and entailed the loss of about seventy lives together with the destruction of much property including nearly 7,000 feet of the Crow's Nest railway. R. G. McConnell and R. W. Brock of Geological Survey were appointed by the government to make an inquiry. In their report, Messrs. McConnell and Brock say the slide was due, not to a single cause, but to a combination of causes, among which the opening up of large chambers in the mine, situated under the base of the mountain, may have been a contributory cause. Speaking of the North peak and shoulder of the mountain overlooking the town, they say "the closing of the chambers in the mine, after the coal has been withdrawn, perhaps long after the inhabitants of the town have lost all dread of another disaster, may precipitate it suddenly in a second destructive slide. Since this possibility must always overhang the town, it certainly seems advisable that it be moved a short distance up the valley beyond the reach of danger."

Other Reports.

Since the report was published, officers of the Geological Survey have visited Frank from time to time and have examined the mountain. From several examinations he has made Mr. Brock has decided, that cracks have formed in that part of the mountain overlooking the town and that one or two cracks in the vicinity of the north shoulder have gradually widened during the last two years. Moreover he has decided that the extraction of coal within a certain zone, which he calls the "zone of extreme danger," is likely to precipitate a landslide that would destroy the town. In the year 1900, Mr. Brock's geological report called attention to the danger which in his opinion threatened the town. In 1901 the following quotations from a letter written by Mr. Brock to the Canadian Consolidated Coal Co. Ltd. of Frank show, what he considers the danger:

Danger From Mining.

"In the report on the Frank slide we expressed our conviction regarding the connection between mining and the catastrophe. It was not considered necessary to emphasize this point at that time, for the Company had had no means of knowing that its operations were a menace to public safety. Now the case is otherwise. If the mountain is further disturbed by mining operations and a slide occurs the Company would certainly be held responsible."

"Turtle mountain is in a more threatening condition now than last year. This opinion is concurred in by Mr. Boyd. The north shoulder is, of course, the dangerous portion of the mountain. After the slide it was carefully examined and it has been closely watched since then, but until last year I saw no signs of movement, or, apart from its structure, of weakness on this north shoulder. Last year I detected two cracks as shown on the sketch map which I sent you last spring. They were so slight, however, that it would not have surprised me if their existence had been questioned. This year, however, they were very marked. The cracks between this shoulder and the North peak also show development during the year. These cracks are significant as indicating movement and unstable conditions. It is true that in some cases the block severed by the crack is not large enough in itself to cause much damage is dislodged, but as the joint planes along which the cracks develop dip towards the face of the cliff, giving the block the form of an inverted wedge, only those near the face can open, the weight of a large block tends to keep the break closed. As the top surface is covered with shingle, only a gaping crack makes itself visible on the surface; hence a dangerous break back from the face, the break along which an enormous slide might take place, might not be detectable on the surface, even at the time the slide was about to occur."

"The cracks on the north shoulder prove that its solidity is not to be relied on, and the recent movements indicated by these cracks may very well be ascribed to the disturbing effect of mining that has recently been done in the neighborhood of the foundation of this shoulder."

"In the face of such facts, I cannot evade the conclusion that mining is too dangerous to be continued. It is my firm opinion that no more liberties can safely be taken with this mountain."

"A large slide would cut off all railway communication and close the mines west of Frank. It might permanently close the pass. The town of Frank would be wiped out with a fearful toll of life. These are some of the risks that are being taken by tampering with the foundation of this mountain. It was unsafe to do what

has recently been done in the way of mining. This was pointed out before this work was started and the present unfavorable condition of Turtle mountain as compared to that of last year shows that the opinion then expressed was well founded. No further mining of the seams near the base of Turtle mountain can safely be done."

Mrs. Nuritch—"I think I'll take the bracelet. You are sure it is made of refined gold?"

Jeweler—"Yes, madam."

Mrs. Nuritch—"Because I do detest anything that isn't refined."

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Home and Society

Miss Eleanor Taylor returned on Sunday from a delightful trip to England and the Continent.

I hear that Miss Violet Wilson is likely to return with her aunt, Mrs. Eaton, of Toronto, some time in June.

Mr. and Mrs. James Smith returned on Saturday from a sojourn at the Coast. I saw them dining at the Corona on Saturday night, Mrs. Smith seeming quite recovered in health from the effects of the illness which sent her to a summer climate to recuperate.

Miss Bessie McKenty, of Lacombe, is expected in town this Thursday to make a few days' stay.

Mrs. Cautley, of "Belton Lodge" is expecting her father Mr. Helliwell of Toronto, on Saturday for a visit.

Mr. Owen was the host of a jolly little dinner of six covers at the Corona on Saturday night, the guest of honor being Count de Topor, who has invested very largely of late in lands around Vermilion. Chaperoning the party was Mrs. Balmer Watt. Miss Jean McIsaacs, Miss Potter and Mr. Speitz being the other guests.

After a delicious repast Miss McIsaacs and Miss Potter rendered some charming music.

Mrs. James Biggar, is expecting her mother, Mrs. McMurchy, this week end on a visit.

I see Mr. and Mrs. Mowat Biggar are home from the Coast, the former looking much better for his holiday.

Mr. and Madame Thibaudeau, and Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick spent last week end at Lake Wabamun, getting things in shape for their summer camp. The Kirkpatrick's have rented the O'Neil Hayes' cottage for the season. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes going down to Gull Lake for the warm weather. I hear the Emery's and the Duncan Smiths will be among the Gull Lakers again this year, and that the resort is becoming quite popular. A brand new hotel is to be one of its attractions. First thing we know they will be banishing the peacock at Welze—and that I take it would be little less than a calamity to the hosts of children to whom "the peacock" has meant a big part of Gull Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Pope have rented Mrs. Frank Sommer-ville's cottage for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pitfield (nee Miss Pat Matheson of Edmonton) have arrived in town to take up their residence at the Capital. Mr. Pitfield has held a responsible position in Winnipeg since his marriage, but returns to Edmonton to go into business, his firm having recently sold out. At present they are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson in the far West End.

Mrs. D. J. MacNamara is giving a luncheon for the younger set this Friday.

Miss Florence Cameron will be the hostess of a luncheon on Saturday, in honor of her guest, Miss Kathleen Pace.

The same afternoon Mrs. de Ray Williams is giving a picnic tea on the South Side, bachelors as well as pretty girls being among the invitees.

Mrs. T. W. Lines left on Monday for a short stay at Banff.

Dr. and Mrs. James Biggar leave about the middle of the month for their new home at the Coast. Dr. and Mrs. Hisslop will take possession of their residence on Sixth street about the same time.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Moore left on Saturday for a sojourn in England and the Continent, the trip being undertaken for the benefit of Mrs. Moore's health which has not been all that their friends could desire for some time past.

Miss Lyall of Stromie spent a few days in town with her uncle, Sir John Langham, during the week.

They left at the week-end on a trip to England, Miss Lyall's marriage taking place on her return to Canada, a few months hence.

On Monday, while it poured torrents of rain, Mrs. Ambrose Dickins invited a few friends in for a game of Bridge to meet Mrs. Walker of Saskatoon, a sister of Mrs. Harry Cooper's.

Perhaps the inclement weather outside made the party the cheerier by contrast, but three tables enjoyed a more than usually good game and gossip. Mrs. Jack Anderson making top score, and carrying off a dainty silk work-bag as a souvenir.

Those playing were Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Jack Anderson, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Harry Cooper, Mrs. Joseph Morris, Mrs. Charlesworth, and Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Robert Mays dropped in at the tea hour and poured the tea. Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Charlesworth assisting.

Mr. and Mrs. Hurd are moving into a residence on 14th street.

Mrs. A. A. Nicholls returned last week from a visit to her mother in Winnipeg, and is busy looking for a house, the Doctor having disposed of his residence on Sixth street.

"Belton Lodge" was the scene of a merry five-table Bridge on Wednesday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Cautley entertained in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Biggar who leave early next month to make their home at the Coast.

The hostess received in a smart and most becoming gown of black lace relieved with touches of gold, and a corsage knot of crimson geraniums, while Mrs. Biggar looked charming in graceful white satin, draped in soft white ninn, with quantities of exquisite rose ponte lace.

and brown marabout bands around the hem of the skirt and the sleeves.

Among the players were Mr. and Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Nightingale, Mr. and Mrs. Scoble, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. F. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Dr. and Mrs. Hisslop, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Calderon, Mr. Reg. Cautley, and Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Soars.

Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick carried off the first ladies' prize, Mr. Soars, the gentlemen's, and Mrs. Reynolds and Mr. Anderson the Consolations.

"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS"

"Bunty Pulls the Strings" will be seen at the Empire Theatre June 6, 7 and 8. It is a Scotch comedy by a practically unknown author, Graham Moffat, a Scotchman, and was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, opening July 4th of last year, where it is still running to unprecedented business. It was brought to New York bag and baggage by the Messrs. Shubert and William A. Brady, and opened at the Comedy Theatre, October 10th, and scored a wonderful hit, in fact, New York at the present time is "Bunty" mad. So great was the New York success that a second company was sent over and opened in Chicago Christmas and, to quote one of the Western papers, Chicago is just "Eating it up." Then a third company was imported for production in the larger cities of the United States and Canada. "Bunty" suggests in its mannerism W. S. Gilbert's "Engaged," and in its general craftsmanship both the handiwork of Gilbert and J. W. Barrie.

"Bunty" is a mild satire on Scotch virtues and vices, the austere religious practices are shown, coupled with that shrewdness which profits by observation of form and isolation of spirit. It depicts the stern patriarchy of a father, who has himself a past, and details with an unerring touch of remarkable delicacy lights and shadows of Scotch domesticity, frugality and searching caniness, and the small and big impulses of a narrow mountain community deeply imbued with the severe creed of Calvinism.

"Bunty," who pulls the strings, is the daughter of Tammas Biggar, and presides over his household as the successor of her mother who died two years before.

Susie Simpson is an old maid, and a distant relative who has loaned Tammas a matter of £250, which Tammas used to make good the deficiency of an elder son. Miss Simpson compels Tammas to choose between marriage and the restoration of her money, and Tammas is not in a position to liquidate, and in consequence passed a bad Sabbath.

Jealousy of an old flame of Tammas impels the vindictive old maid to denounce Tammas in the Kirk yard, before the churchgoers, as a dishonest man, when the inventive "Bunty" promises to make good the amount and averts the theatrical arrest of her father, by confiscating the nest egg of her wedding with honest, lumbering Weelum Eprunt. The rest of the play is taken up in showing how "Bunty" sets all things right, defeating Susie and marrying her father to his boyhood love, smoothing the path of her dissatisfied brother, and arranging her own marriage with "Weelum." The whole story is told with untheatrical simplicity in terms of unforced humor, and interpreted by actors thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the author.

London Truth says:

"Several times lately in the course of a general look round I have found myself wondering whether managers—and here I am not talking about actor-managers—are really wise in devoting so much time and money to the task of securing 'stars.' I cannot help feeling—and this has been borne in upon me by what I have seen—that if I myself would only pay a little more attention to plays and a little less to high-salaried artists, the results would be better all round. Very often, of course, a star is a draw, but I never forget what one of our most brilliant actors once said to me, and that was that no actor could make a poor play succeed, whereas a good play can make the success of a poor actor. In illustration of what I have been saying, take two or three of the most popular musical comedy houses which I have just been visiting: At Daly's Miss Lily Elsie has gone out of the cast, but when I was in the house the other night I found no diminution in the enthusiasm with which the "Count of Luxembourg" was being received. True, Miss Elsie's successor has great charm, but she has not as yet her predecessor's reputation. She is doubtless a star in the making, but in the meantime the play goes on merrily.

"It was the same at 'The Quaker Girl,' at the Adelphi, the other evening. I chanced upon a day when Miss Gerrie Millar was out of the bill, but my enjoyment of the play was just as keen, the house was full, and everything went without a hitch; while at the Lyric the same week I found a most charming and talented understudy in the person of Miss Hilda Vining playing the trying part of Rosalinda in "Nightbirds." I had never heard of Miss Vining before, but I am very sure I shall hear of her again. The one thing that managers of musical comedy houses always complain about is the 'difficulties' that they have with their prima donnas, but every theatre ought to be in training school, and there should always be some one ready to step into the breach at a moment's notice should the leading lady be exigent or indisposed. Of course I know that understudies are always 'on tap,' but my point is that it is not so much who is playing, provided they are competent, as what is played that matters, and I am always a little irritated when I see printed slips in my programme containing apologies for the absence of So-and-so. There should be no occasion for apology. If the play is all right, in nine cases out of ten no one really minds the substitution. Sometimes even they appreciate it. I remember the case of a man going to the box-office of a theatre where a very well-known actor was playing, and the ticket seller, before handing over a stall, said, 'I think it only right to tell you, sir, that Mr. Blank is not playing today,' whereupon the customer said, 'Thank God for that!' and put down his half-guinea.

"Of course, in certain cases audiences do only go to see particular performers, but the cult of the star has been vastly overdone, and it does the profession generally a great amount of harm. One salary is magnified out of all proportion, and other salaries are diminished to pay it. When I hear of one member of a company drawing a hundred pounds a week and perhaps a percentage of the profits, I am always sorry for the rest of the company, because I know they must be suffering

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3:15 A.M.	*6:00 P.M.	Arr. Regina Lv. *8:50 A.M.	1:15 A.M.
5:15 P.M.	7:20 A.M.	Arr. Winnipeg Lv. 11:00 P.M.	12:45 noon
10:00 A.M.	10:00 A.M.	Arr. Pt. Arthur Lv. 5:35 P.M.	5:35 P.M.

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